

Home Circle

A Lesson

REV. ROBERT ZARING

From leaf to twig, with cunning grace,
He threw a web of finest lace
And in the center took his place.

As long I sat and watched him there,
Suspended motionless in the air,
My patience bordered on despair.

When suddenly a fly, with naught
To warn, was in the meshes caught,
And from his trance the spider brought.

He darted toward his luckless guest,
In silken web he had him dressed,
And of his blood soon made a test.

Take heed, my boy! The web is spun;
Across your path its meshes run—
They seem so harmless in the sun.

Take heed! The tempter is near by;
He watches with the keenest eye,
And quite alluring arts apply,

But watch you! Walk not by that way.
In trust go forth to watch and pray,
And He will keep from day to day.

—Shelbyville, Ind.

"Pray for My Boy"

Annie A. Preston, in Christian Advocate.

"You are the new pastor?" asked a woman in the garb of a widow, accosting a young man in the vestibule of the smallest church in a growing New England manufacturing village.

"I am, madam."

"Will you pray for my boy?"

"Who is he?"

"Henry Mallard; I fancied you might know."

"Is he present?"

"O, no," with tears in her eyes and in her voice; "he is over at Hannum's Pond, fishing."

The bell struck the last call. The services began and went forward. The young pastor thought no more of Henry Mallard until he was nearly thru the long prayer; then a heaven-sent impulse made him say:

"And, dear Lord, save Henry Mallard, who is spending this lovely June Sunday over at Hannum's Pond, fishing; save him for time and for eternity; save him so thoroughly that the advancement of Thy cause may be the leading motive of his life."

It was a remarkable prayer; people yet living who heard it still remember and talk of its power. What wonder that it was the topic for all tongues when the services closed!

The youth, Henry Mallard, coming home in the late afternoon from the day's sport, met Walter Manly, one of his mates, who said:

"I want to tell you, Henry, that the new minister prayed for you today."

"He prayed for all the sinners, no doubt," laughed the handsome youth, carelessly.

"But I want to tell you he prayed for just you, Henry Mallard, over at Hannum's Pond, fishing."

"He didn't say that? He didn't call my name right out?"

"Yes, he did, and, Henry—"

But, exclaiming, "Minister or not, I'll horsewhip him," the angry youth dashed down the street toward his home like a mad creature, seeking his mother and repeating his assertion.

"But, my son," she expostulated, "I am praying for you all the time."

"Not aloud, by name, before everybody!"

"But everyone who knows us at all understands how grieved I am at your waywardness. It is nearly time for the evening meeting; you will escort me, of course."

"Of course, but it will not change my mind. I have said that I will horsewhip that minister, and I intend to keep my word."

Often there was a thin attendance at those evening meetings; tonight the room was crowded. Sometimes the boys were restless; tonight there was a hush of solemnity. Often there was much backwardness about taking part; tonight, no sooner was liberty given than the lad who had gone out to meet Henry that afternoon arose and said, "I wish some one would pray for me, right out plainly, by name, so that everyone might understand that it was Walter Manly that was meant."

The words had no sooner left his lips than a dozen other boys were on their feet with the same request. Every night that week there was a meeting in the audience room, for the chapel would not hold the crowds.

Until Friday Henry Mallard made an outward show of anger. That evening he asked for the prayers of Christians. "I, Henry Mallard," he said, "who spent last Sunday fishing at Hannum's Pond."

It was a season of great rejoicing, and as the pastor was walking home with one of the deacons he asked, "Why is there such an abounding spirit of thankfulness over the attitude of Henry Mallard?"

"Do you know that he and his widowed mother own almost this entire village?"

"I had no idea of it," was the reply. "I noticed, of course, the deep interest that centered around the lad, but I have not had time to ask. I believe he is saved."

He was, indeed; his life of beneficence has proved it. His rapidly accumulating wealth has been scattered like the refreshing dew. There is now a fine large church on the site of that small one, the membership consisting in a large measure of the employees of Henry Mallard. The writer heard that pastor tell this story in the pulpit of that new church, and Henry Mallard sat in the deacon's seat, enjoying it all seemingly as much as if he was not an interested party. The pastor closed the narration by saying, "I welcomed over four hundred into this church as the fruit of that revival that began with the tearful request, 'Pray for my boy,' and Brother Mallard hasn't horsewhipped me to this day. It is the only promise I ever knew him to make that wasn't fulfilled."

Home Hints

Christian Guardian.

As the boys grow up make companions of

them, then they will not seek companionship elsewhere.

Let the children make a noise sometimes; their happiness is as important as your nerves.

Respect their little secrets; if they have concealments, worrying them will never make them tell, and patience will probably do the work.

Allow them, as they grow older, to have opinions of their own; make them individuals, not mere echoes.

Remember that without physical health mental attainment is worthless; let them lead free, happy lives, which will strengthen both mind and body.

Bear in mind that you are largely responsible for your child's inherited character, and have patience with faults and failings.

Talk hopefully to your children of life and its possibilities; you have no right to depress them because you have suffered.

If you have lost a child, remember that for the one that is gone there is no more to do; for those remaining, everything; hide your grief for their sakes.

Impress upon them from early infancy that actions have results and that they cannot escape consequences even by being sorry when they have acted wrongly.

Teach boys and girls the actual faults of life, as soon as they are old enough to understand them, and give them the sense of responsibility without saddening them.

The Sky Telegram

Evangelist.

A gentleman while buying a paper from a newsboy one day said to him, "Well, my boy, do you ever find it hard work to be good?" "Yes, sir," responded the little fellow. "Well, so do I. But I have found out how to get help; do you want to know how?" "Yes, sir." "Then just send a telegram." The boy looked up in amazement. The gentleman touched the boy's forehead with his finger and said, "What do you do in there?" "Think," said the boy. "Well, can God see what you think?" "I suppose He can." "Yes, He can and does. Now, when you want help to sell papers or to be a good boy, you just send a sky telegram this way: just think this thought quickly, 'Jesus, help me,' and God will see it and send the help."

A few weeks later he met the same little newsboy on the street, who rushed up to him and said: "Say, mister, I've been trying the sky telegram the last few weeks, and I've sold more papers since I've been donin' that than I ever did before."

A man that depends on his riches and honors of this world, forgetting God and the welfare of his soul, is like a little child that holds a fair apple in the hand, of agreeable exterior, promising goodness, but within 'tis rotten and full of worms.—*Luther*.